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IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

It might have been! When life is young
And hopes are bright, and hearts are strong
To battle with the heartless throng.
When youth and age are far between,
Who hears the words so sadly sung?
It might have been!

It might have been! When life is fair,
Youth stands beside the boundless sea
That ebbs and flows unceasingly,
And dreams of name and golden fame;
And who shall limit the To Be
That's dawning there?

It might have been. When life is bright,
And love is in its golden prime,
Youth recks not of the coming night,
Nor dreams that there may be a time
When love will fail, or change, or die
Eternally!

It might have been! When time grows gray,
And spring-tide's hopes have passed away,
Old age looks back on by-gone years—
Their many wants and doubts and fears;
And through the mist a way is seen,
The might-have-been!

It might have been! When age so sad,
Weary of waiting for the fame
That, after all, is but a name,
When life has lost the charm it had,
True knowledge makes regret more keen—
It might have been!

It might have been! When youth is dead,
And love that was so false is fled,
When all the mockeries of the past
Have lost their tinsel rags at last,
The one true love is clearly seen
That might have been!

It might have been! Ah me! Ah me!
And who shall tell the misery
Of knowing all that life has lost?
By thinking of the countless cost
Poor comfort can the sad heart glean!
It might have been!

It might have been! Nay, rather rest
Believing what has been is best!
The life whose sun has not yet set
Can find no room for vain regret,
And only folly crowns as queen
Its might-have-been.

The Lottery Ticket.

Painsted was in a state of excitement. There was gossiping by the roadside and over early tea-tables.

Innumerable voices had uttered the exclamations, "Do tell" and "I want to know!" but all that had happened was the quietest wedding possible.

Two people in their Sunday clothes, accompanied by two friends also arrayed in their best, had walked over to the church, and there the minister had pronounced them man and wife.

Even at Painsted people sometimes married, and many more importantant persons had been made one than Sally Corkindahl and Simon Wheeler; but somehow Painsted was excited.

Sally Corkindahl was a young woman of thirty, without beauty, but wonderfully neat and industrious.

Ever since her fifteenth birthday she had gone about from house to house making dresses and children's clothes, known everywhere as a good, pious young woman, out never considered attractive.

Her work was good and slow. In the course of these fifteen years she had laid by fifty pounds.

She always had a black alpaca, a clean linen collar, and a checked apron; but whether they were the same or were occasionally renewed, no one could tell.

Simon Wheeler was a very pretty young man of four-and-twenty, with light hair and big blue eyes.

Since he left school he had never been known to do anything but on his Aunt Wheeler's door step and look at the newspaper—actually "look" at it—he never read it.

As soon as it arrived he would seize upon it, turn to a special corner and look at it.

What he stared at, though this was known only to himself, was a small advertisement which occupied the same position in that particular paper from one year's end to the other, and which was headed: "Great Gumbo Lottery! Capital Prize, Fifty Thousand Pounds. Tickets, one pound each."

When the day of the drawing came, and a little list of numbers was to be seen below this advertisement Simon looked longer and was often observed to sigh.

Not however, because he had invested his money in tickets and lost, but because he had none to invest. Aunt Wheeler was not too generous.

"I'll keep you till you can keep yourself," she often said, "but I shan't have my money wasted on cigars and wine. You're better off without none."

Simon neither desired wine or cigars, nor any other luxury of dissipated youth; but if he could have had the price of a lottery ticket without working for it, he would have rejoiced.

In his early boyhood he had dreamed that he had drawn a lucky number. He believed in dreams—that dream in particular.

It had the effect upon him that having his name in a will has upon many a young man.

He saw no need of learning a trade, of going into a shop or setting himself to earn his bread anywhere or in any manner.

With his first pound he would buy a lottery ticket, draw the fifty thousand prize, reimburse his aunt for all that she had expended upon him, be very jolly and generous to everybody, and "live luxuriously every day," like the town mouse in the able.

One afternoon as he sauntered in, sleepy-eyed and dreamy, he found Sally Corkindahl at the tea-table.

She had been sewing for his aunt all the afternoon.

Meanwhile he also had been very busy.

He had found an imaginary pound, bought a ticket, drawn the prize, and bestowed upon his aunt a little carriage, two cream-colored horses and a black silk dress.

Her delight over the unexpected present and wonderful news had kept him from opening the canned fruit as he had promised to do.

Mrs. Wheeler, who knew nothing of this fine waking dream, desired to scold him.

However, Sally's presence prevented her from doing so. She contented herself with a talk at him over the dress-maker's shoulder.

She praised the girl's industry, her prudence, her economy.

"That's the way to get on," she said—"that's the spirit I like. Independent from the time you lost your parents, and making little savings all the while. Don't say, "only fifty pounds." Every little makes a nickel, I've heard my grandmother say. Many a one that has earned double your money hasn't saved a penny."

Simon listened.

"Fifty pounds!" said he to himself. "Why don't she buy a lottery ticket, draw a prize, and stop sewing? I would."

He looked earnestly at Sally. The color came into her thin cheeks.

She was not often the object of such intent regard.

Could it be that this young man admired her?

Sally Corkindahl felt sure that this was so when Simon offered to see her home that evening.

That was the beginning of it.

The end was that wedding which had awakened such astonishment at Painsted.

The wonder that industrious Sally Corkindahl had married such an idle fellow, who certainly could not take care of her, was only matched by the wonder that handsome Simon Wheeler had married that plain, utterly unattractive Sally Corkindahl.

Mrs. Wheeler resented it highly.

"Since you've chosen a common seamstress, and married her without a hint to me, you can take care of her," she said: "I won't."

So Simon had sauntered over to the one room which Sally hired, with his portmanteau in one hand and an umbrella in the other; and Sally still went out to work, while Simon sat at the window and looked at his paper.

He had told her he expected to come into a fortune, and she received his statement with the credulity of love, and was content to pinch and toil in the meantime.

She had placed her savings book in his hands.

All she had was his by the laws of her love, and before their wedding-day was over Simon had bought his first ticket.

It was that that made his heart beat so wildly, not the touch of her honest hand upon his own as she met him in the gloaming; but he said to himself. "There shan't be any more drudgery for Sally when I draw the capital prize."

There are twelve months in the year; each month the great Gumbo Lottery had a drawing—each month Simon Wheeler bought a ticket and drew a blank.

Sally knew nothing of it.

The anniversary of their wedding came. On that day Simon bought two tickets, and in due course of time drew two blanks.

He was always kind to his wife, forever talked of his expectations, and praised her industry: forever looked at the paper, and made little sums in lead pencil on Sally's pine table.

At the end of two years Sally began to feel a little anxious, at the end of three a little weary, at the end of four alarmed.

Forty-eight months had passed by, forty-eight drawings had been made by the Gumbo Lottery, and forty-eight blanks had been drawn by Simon.

One day he made his purchase with trepidation, and returned home trembling; he had spent the last pound of his poor wife's hoard!

He had bought his fiftieth ticket in the Gumbo, and for the first time his heart failed him; he had always expected a prize before, now he only looked for a blank.

He went into his small room. Sally sat at her table sewing. She looked up at Simon as he entered, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Husband," she said, "I've got to ask you about the bank book. I hoped to leave the money lie and then add to it. You've got it safe, I suppose."

"Yes, the book is safe," said Simon, with a dreary oppression.

"I'd like to see it, if you don't mind," said poor Sally. "It seems as if it would be a sort of comfort."

Simon took the book from his pocket and handed it to her.

She opened it and glanced at it.

Then her face flushed and she began to cry.

"Don't!" said Simon. "Don't, Sally! —don't cry. I meant it for the best."

"If you needed it, you were welcome. It belonged to you as much as to me," said Sally; "but you might have mentioned it. I'd have been prepared."

"I was so sure," said Simon. "So sure."

"So sure of what?" asked Sally.

"Of the fifty thousand pounds," said Simon; "I expected it long ago."

"You've never told me what you expected it from," said Sally. "Do you ever think it will be left you? Was it your father's money? If you'd tell me I could think it over. What was it? You wouldn't deceive me, and you are not crazy; but I can't think what you mean by expecting fifty thousand pounds. And, oh, I am so worried, Simon!"

"Perhaps it may come yet, Sally," said Simon.

He took his handkerchief from his pocket as he spoke and wiped his wife's eyes with it.

As he did so a bit of yellow paper fell into her lap—the last Gumbo Lottery ticket, bought but an hour before.

She caught at it and her face flushed again. She looked at her husband with the gleam of anger in her eyes, and cried out, sharply:

"Is this it? Is this the secret—the fortune you've talked of? Are you crazy enough for this? Have you been buying tickets in that cheating lottery all these years, and is my last pound, that I see you have drawn from the bank to-day, spent for that thing?"

Poor Simon! He stared at his wife for a long time without answering; then he said, slowly:

"Think of it—forty-nine blanks, and every time I expected a prize—the capital prize. Think of my disappointment!"

"I can't think of anything except that I've married a fool," said Sally. "I could kill myself when I think of it. I believe you married me to get that fifty pounds to gamble with."

Then she began to cry.

"Yes, I've been a fool," he said; "but though the money made me think of asking you to have me, I meant to make you rich. I did, Sally; I vow I did. We've got along very well, haven't we? I think a great deal of you. I meant to do everything for you; but it's all over now. I look at that ticket, and I know it's a blank. I should never buy another—never, never! You see, that dream—I told you once of my dream—appeared as if it must come true; but my luck is bad, I see that——"

"Luck!" cried Sally, stung by resentment. "Luck! Oh, get out of my sight! Pick up that ticket that you've spent my last hard-earned pound on, and go where I can't see you for a little while, do!"

"I'm going, Sally!" said Simon.

He stepped towards her as he spoke. He would have kissed her if she had permitted him to do so.

Then he picked up the yellow ticket, read the number aloud—9889—crammed it into his pocket, and sauntered away.

At six o'clock that evening there was a little crowd beside the mill dam.

It was fast increasing, for a body had been taken out of the water with a pocket handkerchief full of stones about the neck; Simon Wheeler's body.

He had drowned himself in less than half an hour after he had walked so leisurely away from his injured Sally's presence.

They found in his pocket an empty purse, a little list of numbers, and a yellow ticket soaked through, but still bearing on its surface the figures 9889.

Sally would have known what it was but she never saw it, or the dead face that looked into its marble whiteness like some beautiful statue, for she lay upon her pillow as white as he, with her little baby on her bosom; and the three were buried together in the little churchyard at Painsted.

On the day of the funeral there was a drawing of the Gumbo Lottery.

The manager of the enterprise shouted the numbers of the capital prize; 9889 was not among them. Its holder was not entitled to fifty thousand pounds.

But it made no difference. Simon Wheeler lay beside his wife unconscious of the drawing, and the yellow ticket had long ago resolved itself into a yellow sop among the sedgy grasses by the mill-pond.

Raising a Weaver.

Jojee was a tramp, and hungry. Happening to pass one day in a village where the women were wailing, he noticed the preparation for a funeral. In hopes of getting something to eat, Jojee said to the relatives: "Would thou have the dead restored to life?" Then all the relatives said, "Yes, that would we."

"Place me," said Jojee the tramp, "in the room next to the dead man. Bring me good cheer, so that I may propitiate the reanimating angels. Most especially put there a pot of the finest honey, three loaves of the whitest bread and a flask of the purest oil.

That the relatives did. Jojee, the tramp, bid them retire. Jojee, the tramp, then eat until his appetite was satisfied. Then he uttered many shrieks and howls. The relatives waited long and patiently.

At length Jojee called in the people. "Tell me," asked Jojee "what was the exact calling of the deceased?"

"A weaver was he by trade," the relatives replied.

"A weaver," cried Jojee, the tramp. "Why did you not tell me so? There is honey, bread and oil wasted. Had he been a tinker, a tailor, or a cobbler I might have brought the dead man to life—but a weaver! I never could do anything with a weaver!"

She did not care to discuss the point with the ignorant fellow, so, to conceal her emotions, she once more let herself out on the piano. The woods were filled with music. The mocking bird whistled as if his throat would split, the cuckoo filled the sylvan bowers with his repeated cry, while ever and anon the mournful cooing of the dove interrupted the matin song of the lark.

"There, now, I guess you know what that sounds like," she said, as she paused.

"You mean that tootle, tootle, tootle, chug, chug?' You just bet I understand that. Many a time at a picnic I've heard it from the mouth of a demijohn or the bunghole of a beer keg."

Her first impulse was to hurl the piano stool at him, but it passed off, and once more she went at the piano as if it was the young man's head and was insured for double its value. The thunder growled, the lightinng flashed (from her eyes), and the first heavy drops are heard upon the leaves. She banged and mauled the keys at a fearful rate; peal after peal of deafening thunder perturbed the atmosphere and re-echoed in still louder reverberations until it wound up in one appalling clap as a grand finale. Then, turning to the awe-struck youth, she said—

"I suppose you have heard something like that before?"

"Yes, that's what the fellow with linen pants said when he sat on the custard pie."

The audience found himself alone, but he picked up his hat and sauntered out into the street, densely unconscious that he had said anything out of the way.

A Sole-Stirring Incident.

It is a sentimental custom for young men to write their names, and something soft, on the soles of the girl's shoes. You come across couples in the angles of hallways, in the corners of verandas, and on the beach, filling out these novel autograph albums. The girl grasps something—sometimes the young man's shoulder—to steady herself, and coyly holds her foot bottom upward, while he squats and tickles her sole with the point of her pencil. This is not only pleasing to the pair, but makes great sport for the spectators.

The writing wears off in an evening's dancing, and the shoe is then ready for the next fellow. The custom is encouraged by girls with little feet. One who was not so fortunate stood in a Howland House corridor, Long Branch, gracefully posed against the wall, with the spacious bottom of her shoe spread out before an enamored swain, who had his pencil thoughtfully suspended. Her hardened brother came along.

"Put on the Declaration of Independence," he said; "there's room for it, with all the signatures."

The girl took her foot away immediately, because she wanted to stamp with it.

WASH FOR THE HANDS.—Four ounces pulverized borax, four ounces each of saleratus and muriate of ammonia; put into a tin pan and pour in four quarts of hot soft water; stir until well mixed, bottle for use; after washing the hands and face, wet with the above.

That Deceiving Hammock.

"I've been a fool!" growled Harper as he untied a parcel in his front yard and shook out a new hammock. "Here I've been lopping around all through this infernal hot spell when I might just as well been swinging in a hammock and had my blistered back cooled off by the breezes.

Any one can put up a hammock. All you've got to do is to untie about 500 knots, unravel about 500 snarls, and work over the thing until you can tell whether the open side was meant to go up or down. This puzzled Harper for full twenty minutes, but he finally got it right and fastened the ends to two convenient trees.

Then he took off his hat and coat and rolled in with a great sigh of relief. No he didn't quite roll in. He was all ready to when the hammock walked away from him, and he rolled over on the grass and came to a stop with a croquet ball under the small of his back.

"Did you mean to do that!" called a small boy who was looking over the fence slowly chewing away on green apples,

"Did I? Of course I did! Git down off'n that fence or I'll call a policeman!"

The boy slid down and Harper brought up a lawn chair for the next move. It's the easiest thing in the world to drop off a chair into a hammock. Lots of men would be willing to do it on a salary of ten dollars per week. The trouble with Harper was that he didn't drop all of his body at once. The upper half got into the hammock all right, but the lower half kicked and thrashed around on the grass until the small boy, who didn't mean to leave the neighborhood until the show was out felt called upon to exclaim.

"You can't turn a handspring with your head all wound up in that there ere net, and I'll bet money on it!"

Harper suddenly rested from his labors to rise up and shake his fist at the young villain, but that didn't help the case a bit. He carefully looked the case over, and decided that he had his plans too high. He therefore lowered the net within two feet of the ground, and he had it dead sure. He fell into it as plump as a bag of shot going down a well. He felt around to see if he was all in, and then gave himself a swing. No person can be happy in a hammock unless the hammock has a pendulum motion. This hammock of Harper's was just getting the regular salt-water swing when his knots untied and he came down on the broad of his back with such a jar that the small boy felt called upon to obseerve:

"That ain't no way to level a lawn—ou want to use a regular roller!"

After consciousness he crawled slowly out, gently rubbed his back on an apple tree, and slowly disappeared around the corner of the house in search of some weapon which would annihilate the hammock at one sweep, and though the boy called upon him again and again, asking if a minstrel performance was to follow the regular show, Mr. Harper never turned his head nor made a sign.

Protection of Woodwork.

It is well known that the sap of wood contains substances like albumen, gelatine, gum, etc., which easily undergo decomposition, and under certain circumstances, such as favor fermentation, and in warm damp air, are able to destroy very rapidly the stronger woody fibers. The more sap there is in the wood, that is to say the greener it is, and the sooner the evaporation of this sap is stopped by an airtight cover, the quicker the fermentation will set in, and with it the decay of the woody fiber. These circumstances are correctly understood by practical men, who prescribe that the timber be felled in winter, and try to obtain a free circulation of air through the structure. They think they avoid the disadvantages above mentioned if they, further, demand "seasoned wood," because it is clear that there is less danger of decomposition in such wood than in fresh or green stuff. But here we at once stumble on this difficulty, namely, of determining what degree dryness in the wood to be tested seems most advantageous for its use, and the time required for this is much longer than is generally supposed. The appearance of the wood is very seldom a reliable guide, and people are accustomed to think that the wood is much drier than it really is. The comparatively important changes which the wood undergoes during the first year from shrinkage enables us to measure approximately the time necessary to destroy the last evil effects of its interior life. Not until it has reached this stage, which requires four to six years, unless artificial seasoning is resorted to, is the timber benefited by covering it with a protecting coat of paint. At this time the paint must have a beneficial effect in protecting the wood, for it prevents atmospheric moisture penetrating into the wood to serve as a reagent to decompose the albumen, which is now dried and coagulated as well as less abundant. Owing to the position of the lumber yards and the urgency for materials to build with it is seldom possible to obtain well seasoned lumber and wood. Sauerwein, therefore, proposes the following process: The most rational and sensible process for large, heavy timbers is the impregnation, as for railroad ties, with chloride of zinc under six to eight atmospheres of pressure, where this can be done. (Fresh green wood is best for this.) No arguments are necessary in defense of the value of this method; it cannot be too strongly recommended, nor is the expense great—about $1 per cubic meter. When there is no opportunity for impregnation the woodwork should be left two or four years unpainted. In my experience, says Sauerwein, wood tar is better than coal tar, because it penetrates in the wood more easily, and, containing a larger amount of antiseptic substances, its effect is more permanent. Although wood tar is considerably dearer it is to be preferred. Its color being somewhat similar to wood color, it can be used on small unimportant buildings. Its cost is only one-fourth that of oil paint and can be applied by a common workman. Planed and worked surfaces should be merely oiled (three times) not painted. Besides having a better appearance, this oil varnish is necessary to prevent cracking and drawing of thin parts like doors and windows. It does not interfere with the gradual drying out of the wood. After the expiration of three to five years the oiling may be replaced by a protecting coat of paint to prevent water from penetrating into the wood work. It should be added that it seems advantageous to mix about one part of elutriated chalk with three parts of the white lead which is used with the special color for all oil paints. This seems to make the paint adhere better to the wood, as shown by experience. Without going into the subject of oil paints the author cautions the public against the many new fangled and highly extolled paints and substitutes. They are generally much dearer, he says, and at best are only equal to ordinary linseed oil paint made with equal care from well selected pure material. The chief effect of a good oil paint depends on the purity of the materials used, especially of the oil and white lead or zinc white, whether it is finely ground and thoroughly mixed, and the paint carefully applied in good weather.

Indians and Fireworks.

The Indian has a hard time of it, altogether. An Idaho mining camp intending to celebrate the Glorious Fourth in bang up style, ordered a heap of fireworks to be sent to them. A whole wagon load went on, and while on its way was captured one night by a band of Indians. They didn't exactly know what kind of property they had got hold of, and proceeded to investigate. The chief thought the cannon crackers were cigars and the little ones cigarettes, which article he had seen in use at the various camps he had visited, and he distributed a lot around, and they all lighted up for a smoke, and pretty soon a more surprised and puzzled set of Indians never got together. The chief had a cannon cracker, and after the explosion it was three minutes before he could get breath enough to yell, and then the wild shrieks he gave could be heard five miles away. That ended the smoking. Another buck fell off the top of the wagon with a box of giant torpedoes, and the crash that greeted him as he alighted scared him so that he got up and ran off at breakneck speed. A squaw contrived to get a pin wheel afire, and as she dropped it on the ground the natural tendency of the thing to whirl around made it go kiting along the ground like a wheel of fire, sending out a shower of sparks and causing the affrighted lady to scud away from it, with her eyes as big as saucers, with terror. The pin-wheel got under the wagon and ignited it, and the Indian at first tried to extinguished the flames, and pretty soon a Roman candle went off, and before the man who was hit by the first ball on the nose could clap his hand on the injured member, another ball caromed there and then a third, and then the rockets began to go off and hit the bucks in the legs and ribs, and the different colored fires threw first a red and then a blue light upon the scene, and the "mines" blew up and filled the air with hissing serpents and other things horrid to behold, and more pin-wheels got loose, and when a buck jumped to avoid a pin-wheel he got in the air just in time to be hit by a rocket, and almost everybody got more or less burned, and in about five minutes a crowd of the worst scared and most frantic Indians the world ever saw was scurrying off in the darkness across the prairie bellowing with pain and fear. And the next load of fireworks sent through that region won't be meddled with by those Indians.

Something out of the Way.

A young lady in the most exalted social circles of Galveston, after much toil and practice at the piano, learned to play with considerable dexterity a piece entitled "Picnic Polka." It is something after the style of the celebrated "Battle of Prague," in which the listener can readily distinguish the roar of the artillery, the rattle of musketry, the shouts of the soldiers, and the groans of the dying. In the "Picnic Polka" the noise of the wind among the trees and the joyous carols of the birds are reproduced, the final being a thunder shower which disturbs the sylvan revellers. It happened that a country cousin was in town, and the young lady thought she would play the piece to him and hear his comment. He was a plain simple-minded youth, and although not very bright, was very appreciative. She told what the piece was and then proceded to give him the "Picnic Polka" The first notes are rather slow and hesitating, the idea sought to be conveyed being the solemn solitude of forest through which the gentle zephy (not heifer) sighs. After she got through with this preface, she asked him if he did not almost imagine himself in a lodge in some vast wildernes. He replied that he thought all that slowness meant the delay in getting off. Said he. "There is always some dammed cuss who oversleeps himself and keeps everbody else waiting."

A Western Witness.

Conductor Heaton is one of the best boys on the Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs Road, and is also one of the sharpest. It is not very often a man gets ahead of him as Pat Powers, of Holt county, has probably fonnd out. Heaton was at Oregon a few days since on some trial connected with the railroad company. Powers is an attorney, was cross examining Heaton and asked him if he would not naturally testify in faver of the railroad company.

"No," replied Heaton.

"You would testify for the railroad rather than lose your position, wouldn't you?"

"No," said Heaton.

"You'd like to be an angel, wouldn't you?" sneered Powers.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because," was the ready answer. "I'm afraid the Lord would set me up as a guardian angel over some red headed lawyer from Holt county and I couldn't stand that."

A Miracle of Honesty.

At a party one evening several contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing; a reverend gentleman was appointed judge of their respective pretentions. One produced his tailor's bill with a receipt attached to it. A buzz in the room that this could not be outdone; when a second proved that he had just arrested his tailor for money lent him.

"The palm is his," was a general cry, when a third put in his claim.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot boast of the acts of my predecessors, for I have just returned to the owners three lead pencils and two umbrellas that were left at my house."

"I'll hear no more," cried the astonished arbitrator. "This is the very acme of honesty, it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any one capable. The prize—"

"Hold," cried another, "I have done still more than that."

"I have been taking my paper for twenty years and always paid for it in advance."

He took the prize.

Fear of Lightning.

Reason and study of the laws of lightning have done much to lessen the fear of it. It is true we live between two magazines of electricity—one in the earth and the other in the air—and a cloud charged with electricity passing over a point or body in a negative condition will discharge its surplus by the very quickest and most congenial medium, which it finds in the human body, a tree or house indifferently. But it is also true that, provide the lightning with a convenient and easy conductor in the shape of a stout iron rod higher than any point of a house, and reaching well into the ground, where electricty may scatter harmlessly into the damp earth, it will prefer that conducting rod to anything in its vicinity, and people who stay indoors in a well-protected house are safer from lightning than any bomb proof from bursting shells. Every accident from this cause we ever knew of came from careless exposure in situations known to be unsafe. The first I noticed after my own accident was that of a missionary's daughter who was killed while passing an open window just as a woman was on Long Island last summer, while sitting at her sewing-machine. A young man in Malden we think, was killed while sitting on a porch with his chair tipped back and his head against the knob of a door-bell-wire. Many men have been struck while riding into a barn on a load of hay. Many will remember the frightful calamity at Scranton, Penn., where a party of women, out picking berries on one of the high hills, crowded into a deserted log hut in a sudden storm, and seven were killed by one bolt. Steep hills with mineral veins croping out are not places for persons to live on, who wish to escape lightning, and unprotected houses there are doubly dangerous.

It is never too soon to go in the house when a storm is rising. When the clouds are fully charged with electricty they are most dangerous, and the fluid obeys a subtle attraction which acts at great distances and in all directions. A woman told us of a bolt which came down her mother's chimney from a rising cloud when the sun was shining overhead. N. P. Willis writes of a young girl who was killed while passing under a telegraph wire, on the brow of a hill, while she was hurrying home before a storm. The sad accident at Morrisania, when two children were killed, shou'd warn every mother that it is not safe to let children stay out of doors till the last minute before the storm falls. People should not be fool-hardy about sitting on porches or by open windows, whether the storm is hard or not. Mild showers often carry a single charge, which falls with deadly effect. It may or may not be fatal to stay out; it is safe to be in the house, with the windows and doors closed. The dry air in a house is a readier conductor than the damp air outside, and any draught of air invites it. A hot fire in a chimney attracts it, so to speak, and it is prudent for those who would be sure of safety to use kerosene or gas stoves in summer and avoid heating the chimneys of the houses.

Romance of a Postal Card.

A postal card, was purchased in New York, on November 29, 1879, decorated with two one cent stamps, suitably inscribed and addressed to London, England. By some mischance it failed to secure accommodations in the mail bags which left on the steamer of that date, and its voyage was delayed until the departure of the next mail steamer, It arrived at its destination on Dec. 13, just fifteen days from the time it was deposited in the New York Post Office. From London it journeyed to Marseilles, France, arriving there on Dec. 17, showing no sighs of sea sickness or fatigue. On Dec. 25, it was manipulated by the officials of Cairo, Egypt, who wished it a merry Christmas and a "God speed" on its voyage, to Bombay, India, where it landed on Jan. 15, 1880. On Feb. 2, the almond eyed Celestial who rules the destiny of the Post Office at Singapore, China, gave it a ticket of leave in well known laundry hieroglyphics, and allowed it to depart the empire for Yokohama, Japan, where it was received March 9. Becoming homesick at this point, the plucky postal card embarked on an American bound vessel, and on March 26, it reached San Francisco. Although it had traveled over nearly as much territory as ex-President Grant, its arrival was signalized by no demonstration from Dennis Kearney's fellow townsmen. It was met at the wharf by the officials of the Mail Department—the drivers of the wagons—and quietly conveyed to the Post Office, where it was tendered a reception by the distributing clerks, and quietly escorted to a train en route for New York. On April 3, it took up permanent quarters with Mr. Rogers in New York, the city where it first saw the light. It bears its honors meekly and refuses, courteously but firmly, to be interviewed. The time consumed in this noteworthy journey was as follows: Starting from New York the voyage to London consumed fifteen days to Marseilles, nineteen days; to Cairo, twenty-seven days; to Bombay, forty-eight days; to San Francisco, 119 days; to New York, after a voyage around the world, 127 days.

Whipping Children.

A parent who don't know how to govern a child without whipping it, ought to surrender the care of that child to some wiser person. Sportsmen once thought it was necessary to lash their dogs in training them for the field. They now know that the whip should never be used. Horsemen once thought it was necessary to whip colts to teach them to start or stop at the word, and to pull steadily. They now know that an apple is better than the lash, and that a caress is better than a blow. If dog and horses can be thus educated without punishment, what is there in our children which makes it necessary to slap and pound them? Have they less intelligence? Have they colder hearts? Are they lower in the scale of being? We have heard many old people say: If we were to bring up another child we would never whip it. They are wise, but a little too late. Instead of God doing so little for children that they must be whipped into goodness, he has done so much for them that even whupping can't rule them—that is, as a rule. But, alas! there are many exceptions to the rule. many children are of such quality that a blow makes them cowardly, or reckless, or permanently ugly. Whipping makes children lie, makes them hate their parents, makes home distasteful, makes boys run away, and makes the girls seek happiness anywhere and anyhow. Whipping is barbarous. Don't whip.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1880

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL
Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at
$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE
Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
1 square,...	$1 00	$2 50	$3 00	$4 00	$7 00
¼ column,..	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
½ column,..	5 00	7 50	10 00	15 00	35 00
1 column,..	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.
Job Work done on short notice.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,
Editors and Proprietors.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

Rev. Samuel Smith and Rev. W. H. Hartman, Preachers.
Sunday School, 2 P. M.—D. L. Zerby, supt.

Methodist.

Rev. J. Benson Akers, Preacher-in-charge.
Sunday School at 1½ P. M.—Dav. Kimport, supt
Preaching next Sunday evening.

Reformed.

Rev. C. W. E. Siegel, Pastor.
Preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday evening.

United Brethren.

Rev. B. J. Hummel, Pastor.

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—
Preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday evening.

United Sunday School.

Meets at 9 A. M.—F. D. Luse, supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 355, I. O. O. F. meets in heir hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.
A. O. DEININGER, Sec. B. O. DEININGER, N. G

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.
D. L. ZERBY, Sec. A. O. Deininger, Master.,

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec, B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
F. P. OTTO, Sec., J. F. HARTER, Pres't.

Millheim Escort of Co. B., 5th Regt., N. G., hold their drill meeting on the second story of Alexander's Block, every Tuesday and Friday evening.

Official Directory

Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Mondays of January, April, August and November.

President Judge—Hon. Chas. A. Mayer, Lock Haven.
Additional Law Judge—Hon. John H. Orvis, Bellefonte.
Associate Judges—Hons. Samuel Frank, John Dreese.
Prothonotary—J. C. Harper.
Register of Wills and Clerk of O. C.—W. E. Burchfield.
Recorder of Deeds, &c.—William A. Tobias.
District Attorney—David F. Fortney.
Sheriff—John Spangler.
Treasurer—Adam Yearick.
County Surveyor—Joseph Devling.
Coroner—Dr. Joseph Adam.s.
County Commissioners—Andrew Gregg, George Swab, Jacob Dunkle.
Clerk to County Commissioners—Henry Beck.
Attorney to County Commissioners—C. M. Bower.
Janitor of the Court House—Bartrim Galbraith.
County Auditors—James T. Stewart, George R. Williams, Thomas B. Jamison.
Jury Commissioners—John Shannon, David W. Kline.
Superintendent of Public Schools—Prof. Henry Meyer.

WHO CAN VOTE.

The next election in Pennsylvania will be held on Tuesday, November 2, 1880.

Voters must be assessed two months before the election—that is, on or before September 2.

The assessors must be at the election house on Wednesday and Thursday, September 1st and 2nd, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M. of each day, for the purpose of correcting the list of voters, by adding names thereto or striking them off.

The committee men of the respective election districts should attend at the time the assessor sits to correct the list.

To secure their votes, voters must have paid a state or county tax one month before the election and within the two years immediately preceding the date of one month before the election. The last day for paying tax this year is October 2nd.

Members of Democratic state, county and city committees should see to it that every voter of our party has complied with the law.

Failure to pay tax in season deprives the voter of the privilege of voting. An elector can swear in his vote though he be not assessed. But the neglect may cause much trouble.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET,

FOR PRESIDENT,
GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.
Of Pennsylvania.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
HON. WM. H. ENGLISH,
Of Indiano.

STATE TICKET.

SUPREME JUDGE,
GEORGE A. JENKS, Jefferson Co,
AUDITOR GENERAL,
ROBERT P. DECHERT, Philadelphia.

OHIO AND INDIANA.

Hon. Frank Hurd, member of congress from the Toledo district in Ohio and a candidate for election to congress this fall said at the national democratic headquarters that he has no doubt whatever of his election by a majority of at least 1,500, probably a much larger one. That the indications of democratic success in Ohio are unexpectedly strong, especially on account of the support of the national and state tickets by the Germans and liberal republicans. He says also that the republicans labor under the disadvantage of having at the head of their state ticket a candidate who is not popular with the independent voters, who will determine the election.

Hon. William Mack, who was chairman of the Indiana delegation at the Cincinnati convention, said at the national democratic headquarters the other night that he had been both surprised and amused at the stories he had seen in eastern republican papers about democratic disagreements in Indiana There is not, he said, the least foundation for such report. The whole machinery for the campaign was moving like clock-work under the direction of Hon. William H. English, who had thrown himself with all his energy into the direction of the campaign at the state headquarters, while Governor Hendricks, Senator Voorhees and all the other leaders of the Indiana democracy, were devoting themselves to the campaign with an energy and enthusiasm never before equaled.

"Our Indiana campaign," he said, "is not a still hunt. We are conducting it in our own way. Our leaders know the people and the people know our leaders. All have confidence in the preparations that are made and perfect confidence in the result. Indiana is a democratic state and we will not let the republicans steal it."

For the Journal.

Mr. Editor:

Our side of Penn township will do a big thing for Hancock & English. Our three little villages will give majorities as follows: Greenbriar, 14; Coburn, 13; Georgetown, 7. The Liberty school district has one Garfield man; the Snavely district, one; Elk district, none; Gentzel district, none. The four districts have but two Republican voters and will give over a hundred majority for Hancock & English. If any other four adjoining districts in the county can do better let me hear from them.

JACOB SANDERS.

MEETING AT LIBERTY.—Quite a spirited little Democratic meeting was held at Liberty school house on Saturday evening. Several addresses were made but modesty forbids us to say by whom, lest Chairman Dill might be after the speakers to engage them for state service. A club was organized and other action taken to insure a full vote.

We suggest that our friends at Penns Creek have a "Mass meeting" some Saturday afternoon.

REPUBLICAN TESTIMONY TO THE FAIR TREATMENT BY THE DEMOCRATS OF THE VETERANS EMPLOYED BY THE SENATE.

(Special Dispatch to the New York World.)

WASHINGTON, August 17.

Mr. J. J. G. Ball, one of the Senate employees, is out with a card in relation to the contradictions by the Republican journals of Senator Wallace's assertions that the Democratic Congress had studiously kept in mind the services of the Union soldiers, regardless of party, in the appointment of officers under its control:

"An editorial statement was recently made by the Cincinnati *Gazette* to the effect that the Democratic members of the senate, as soon as they got control of that body, held a caucus and decided to make a clean sweep of the disabled soldiers whom they found upon the rolls of Senate emyloyees. That a caucus was held is true, but it is not true that any such order of removal was adopted. Senator Voorhees was right when he said in his speech, June 18, 1879, that all of the wounded soldiers were retained. They were not many in number, but all of them, with one exception, have kept their places under the Democratic rule. These employees were Charles N. Richards, Assistant Keeper of Stationery, Secretary's office; John G. Merritt, M. J. Bunnell, S. L. Wilson and the writer, J. J. G. Ball, all of the Sergeant-at-arms' office, and all of whom remain in the employ of the Senate, excepting Wilson, who was discharged, but for what reason I do not know. It was certainly not on account of his having been a soldier or a Republican, as all of the others retained are soldiers and Republicans and have never been disturbed on account of their antecedents or opinions. I am free to state that I have no sympathy with the Democratic party. I vote as a Republican, I talk as a Republican, I was appointed as a Republican; but I believe in fair play for all that, and I write this communication as an act of justice to the Democratic Senate, which has dealt squarely and impartially with all the disabled men on its rolls, without regard to their politics. Let the devil have his due and all campaign lies be denounced as they deserve, whether they emanate from Republican or Democratic sources. I would add, further, that when Mr. Wilson was discharged Sergeant-at-Arms Bright gave the position to Senator Don Cameron, whose appointee is filling it at this time and is a good Republican.

J. J. G. BALL."

Gen. Garfield is growing in popularity every day, just as Gen. Beaver said he would in that speech on the bank steps on his return from the Chicago Convention. The General is a true prophet sometimes.—*Bellefonte Morning News.*

Yes, we agree that "the General" for whom we have such a high respect personally, may be a true prophet sometimes, that is if the prophecy comes out all right. But he did prophesy in a public speech here in Millheim some years ago that "*as soon as the Republican party would go in to give the nigger a vote he would act with the Democratic party.*" That was a bad thing for the gallant general to prophesy and it did not pan out worth a cent. Unless the prophecy regarding Garfield's growing popularity does much better the "superb" Hancock might as well go to work one of these days when not too busy and select his cabinet.

Ex-Senator Peale, of Lock Haven, makes a very fine bow to his political friends and retires from the congressional contest. Mr. Peale has many warm friends throughout the valleys.

MIFFLIN DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS: Congress, Hon. A. Reed; State Senate, Colonel John B. Selheimer; Assembly, John M. Bell; Prothonotary, Henry A. Lantz; Register and Recorder, Joseph E. Williams, District Attorney, H. J. Walters; Director of Poor, Robert M. Taylor; Coroner, W. W. Trout; Surveyor, Jno. Swartzell.

One of the most urgent demands of our time is a system of education which shall train the young to apply their school learning. At the Pennsylvania State College practical instruction in Agricuure, Horticult ure, Botany, Zoolo gy, echanist, Chemistry, etc; is given, and thus theory in the class room is applied and enforced by experience in the field and laboratory. Spring session opens April 9th. For catalogue and full information address the Business Manager, State College, Centre Co., Pa. tf

The Democrats of Connecticut nominated a ticket on the 18th that will prove invincible at the polls. Hon. James E. English, for Governor, and Hon. C. M. Pond, for Lieutenant Governor. Mr. English was already twice elected Governor and he will have a very large majority this time. Connecticut is all right.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 21., 1880.

Mr. Hayes will leave next week for the west. This gentleman has so many qualities which adorn private life, and has failed so signally in the two or three things he promised to do if made President, that it is a matter of regret that he ever left his home. He proposed to deal with "States, not provinces." Yet only a year of Radical pressure was required to make him as active a stalwart as any in the north. He rebuked Grant for long absences from this city. He has stayed away quite as much. He said he would reform the civil service. People laugh when they recall that promise. They remember the millions of dollars paid out of the Treasury to men who had no qualifications for office, paid out simply because the money was demanded for services in the fraud by which Mr. Hayes obtained his seat. The people remember too that every journey Mr. Hayes has taken, or his cabinet ministers have taken has been a political journey, just as the one of next week will be. It would have been better for Mr. Hayes for the south, and for the civil service of the country, if he had remained in Ohio, and this, I doubt not will be the general verdict in a dozen years.

The latest attempt to injure General Hancock indirectly—not a word has been said against him otherwise—is a statement that certain records bearing on affairs while he was commanding the fifth military district, in 1866 and 1867 are missing from the War Department. Of course he did not steal them and it is equally certain some Republican must have done so, for only Republicans have had charge of the Department, but these facts do not influence those Radical papers which are bound to say something against the General, and can find nothing reasonable to say.

The reports received by the Democratic Congressional Committee here continue to be favorable. Chairman Wallace authorizes the statement that the Committee has not had a discouraging letter in the last month, and that the announcements of changes to Hancock are even more numerous than he had expected, though he is the most sanguine of men. Every village in the North seems to have citizens who will vote for the General, and who never before voted any but the Republican ticket.

In response to frequent letters from business men all over the country the Treasury announces that it will advise the early passage of an act providing for a new issue of fractional currency. The reason generally urged by the writers is the great convenience of sending the currency by mail in amounts of less than a dollar.

CARROLL.

FORNEY'S REASONS.

(From Forney's Philadelphia Progress.)

Garfield was better than the office-holding and office hunting politicians who, after hunting down the hon, expected to drink his blood, to feed upon his fame. But I did not know General Garfield's record. Till his nomination for President the country was almost as ignorant as myself. What it is all men know now; and if I revolted from it it was because I found it different from what I honestly believed it to be. General Garfield's accusers were not Democrats. He was brought to the bar by his own party, by the Republican press and the Republicans of his own county, by the Republican Committee of his own Congressional district, by the Republican Congress of which he was a member, and by a Republican court of justice. Had this record been known at Chicago General Garfield could not have been nominated.

Just as the few forgotten facts of his record came out, the Democratic National Convention met at Cincinnati and nominated Winfield S. Hancock for President. When I saw his name a light broke around me—a light and a voice—the light of a great republic rescued from sectional hate and the voice of peace and brotherhood. At that instant I believe that hundreds of thousands of Republicans felt the same conviction, The revelation made a revolution. The boom grew into a blessing. The panic of the plunderers, who had defeated Grant became a stampede, the stampede will become a route will be oblivion to the new civil war, projected by pigmies who try to wear the armor and to wield the scepter of the magnificent Republican leaders who forgave the confederates, as Washington forgave Pennsylvania rebels, in 1794, when they attempted to break the laws of our infant colonies. The Republican masses were restive under Garfield's nomination, and thrilled to the heart by the keen memory of their pledges of gratitude to Hancock,

For the Journal

Messrs. Editors:

We are now on the eve of one of the most important elections, both state and national, that has ever occured since we have an existence as a free nation. The nominations of Hancock and English have not only brought peace and harmony, but great enthusiasm to the Democratic party, and it is our duty now to back up our high prestige ground by good congressional legislative and local nomination's. The Democrats of the 20th Congressional district have a plain duty before them—the nomination and election of Ex-Gov. Curtin to congress. His great experience and ability as a statesman, his invaluable services to the state and nation, and the great wrong he has suffered in being defrauded from a seat to which he was fairly elected, all combine to make his vindication at the hands of the Democrats of the 20th district a matter of honor and imperative duty. The nomination of the great war-Governor would be peculiarly fitting at this juncture. No two men have done more for their native state than Hancock and Curtin—none stand higher in the estimation of their fellow citizens of all classes than they. Pennsylvania has much reason to be proud of her noble sons. Let the Democracy of the 20th district at least show that they appreciate such a man as Ex-Gov. Curtin. Let him be nominated *without opposition* and his triumphant election will follow.

MILES TOWNSHIP.

A NEW TREATMENT.

The Golden Elixir of Life. Wonderful Cures.

If you have Consumption, and would know that your cough can be made loose and easy—Hectic Fever and Night Sweats checked in 24 hours; Inflammation taken out of the lungs and air passages at once; that you can be made to gain 3 to 5 pounds of healthy flesh per week; if you have any Chronic Disease, Bronchitis, Asthma Catarrh Dyspepsia, Sick Hesdache, Heart Disease, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness or Spermatorrhœa, loss of sexual power in either sex from any canse; if you have any form of nervous weakness, losing flesh or wasting away, and would know of an immediate relief and certain cure for many of the severest cases in a short time, a new method with new agents to fatten every body, invigorate and make strong and healthy the most hopeless cases, cut this out and write at once for particulars to B. S. DISPENSARY, Berrien Springs, Mich. yl

Among agents and families, the great demand now is for the new light running Combination Sewing Machine, because it has stood the test, and is better made, with more improvements, will last longer, and is much lower in price, (only $20,) than other machines, and having attained a merited popularity among the people for reliability, it is welcomed wherever it makes its appearance. It is built for strength and constant hard work, has interchangeable working parts, manufactured of fine polished steel, and will run for years without repairs; is simple to learn, easy to manage, understood perfectly in an hour, and always ready to do every description of heavy or fine family work at less cost, more easily, smoothly, and faster, and with less labor or trouble than any other machine *at any price*, ever did. It can do Tuckers, quilters, rufflers, hemmers binders, &c., free with each machine. No advance payments. Machines shipped to an R. R. station for examination before payment of bill. Agents make money rapidly, supplying the great demand for this the Cheapest Machine in the world. Territory free. For illustrated catalogue of prices, specimens of stitch, &c., address, office of the Combination Sewing Machine, 737 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

A "JUNIOR Hancock Club" has just been organized in Altoona, and has a membership of 500 young men.

AT a republican meeting in Westmoreland county last week, the democrats predominated.

SETTLEMENT NOTICE.—All persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate of John Hubler, late of Haines township, deceased, or having claims against the same, are hereby requested to make settlement at the residence of the undersigned on or before Friday Sep. 10th next.
3t. CORNELIUS BOWER.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at Public Sale by order of the Orphan's Court by the undersigned administrator of JOHN GENTZEL, dec'd. at the premises of Benjamin Ripka in the seven mountains, on FRIDAY, AUG. 27., 1880,

ALL THAT CERTAIN TRACT OF LAND,

situate in Gregg township, Centre Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the west by land of Wm. Gentzel's heirs, on the north and east by land of Wm. Auman and on the south by Poe mountain, containing twenty-two acres, more or less, the same being unimproved.

Terms of sale: Ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid on day of sale, one half of the balance to be paid on confirmation of sale, the balance in one year with interest to be secured by bond and mortgage on premises.

Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, P. M., of said day.

JAS. N. LEITZELL, Auctioneer. JAMES D. GENTZEL, Administrator.

ADMINISTRATORS SALE.—Will be sold at public sale on the premises in Penn township, on Friday, August 27th, 1880, the following real estate, viz; all that certain tract of land situate in Poe Valley, bounded by lands of D. S. Auman, Musser & Gephart, *et al.* Containing one hundred and eleven acres, one hundred and thirty-six perches, neat measure, part of which is cleared the balance is well timbered with white pine, white oak, chestnut etc.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock P. M., of said day, when terms will be made known by
J. H. REIFSNYDER,
Administrator of the estate of
JACOB IMMEL, dec'd.

STRAYED OR LOST.—Four sheep and four lambs have strayed away from the residence of the subscriber, near Aaronsburg, since May 30th. Two sheep and one lamb are black. Any person finding these sheep is kindly requested to give information to me.

JACOB DUNKLE.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of David Titlow, late of the borough of Millheim, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
28-6t ISRAEL CONFER, Administrator.

A VALUABLE HOME AT PRIVATE SALE!

The undersigned offers at private sale his Valuable Home, about one mile north west of Millheim, containing

SEVENTEEN ACRES OF LAND,

7 acres of which are cleared and under good cultivation, and the balance well timbered. The improvements are a good, new

TWO-STORY HOUSE, NEW BARN,

and all necessary outbuildings, all new and in best condition. It is one of the most convenient and desirable homes in Pennsvalley. For price and terms call on
tf H. C. FRANKENBERGER.

THE VICTOR
Double Huller Clover Machine
Is the *only kind* that has ever hulled 100 bushels of seed in one day from stamp and wet straw. Send for Descriptive Circular and Price List, which contains many letters confirming this.
Hagerstown Agricultural Implement Mfg. Co.
State where you saw Advertisement. Hagerstown, Md.

IRVIN HOUSE,
(Most Central Hotel in the City,)
COR. MAIN AND JAY ST.,
Lock Haven, Pa.,
S. WOODS CALDWELL, PROPRIETOR
Good Sample Rooms for Commercial Traveler on first floor.

CONSUMPTION CURED
BY
CRUDE PETROLEUM PILLS.
Gained 29 lbs. weight in two months.

POWHATTAN C. H., VA., April, 1880.
DR. M. MILTON:
Dear Sir—After having been sick twelve months, and tried the best physicians of the country without doing me the least good, I tried your CRUDE PETROLEUM PILLS. When I commenced taking them I caughed almost incessantly, had hemmorrhage, night sweats, etc. I weighed 114 lbs. After taking the Pills two months the caugh and night sweats ceased and had no hemorrhages, and weighed 143 lbs.
Yours, respectfully,
FRED. C. DUNN.

Thousands of cases like the above.
The Pills are also a positive cure for chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and all Lung and Throat troubles.
TRIAL BOXES, 25 CTS. LARGE BOXES (130 pills) $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price, with directions. Address
DR. M. MILTON,
21-3m IRVING, N. Y.

PENSIONS! Every Soldier disabled in disease, or injury, is entitled to pension. Pensions date back to time of discharge or death of soldier. Claims of all description prosecuted. Copies of lost discharges obtained. Claims filed by attorneys who have since died, or from other causes have ceased to practice, finished without delay. Address, with stamp, H. S. BERLIN & CO., Attorneys, Washington, D. C.
P. O. Box, 592. 21-3m

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, May 30th, 1880, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

	WESTWARD.		
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 55	p. m.
"	" Harrisburg	4 25	a. m.
"	" Williamsport	8 35	a. m.
"	" Jersey Shore.	9 07	a. m.
"	" Lock Haven.	9 40	a. m.
"	" Renovo	11 00	a. m
"	arr. at Erie	7 55	p. m.
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	9 00	a. m.
"	" Harrisburg	12 20	a. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	3 15	p. m.
"	" Lock Haven.	4 20	p. m.
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 50	a. m.
"	" Harrisburg	3 35	p. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	7 25	p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	8 40	p. m.
	EASTWARD.		
PACIFIC EXP. leaves	Lock Haven..	6 45	a. m.
"	" Jersey Shore..	7 15	a. m.
"	" Williamsport.	7 55	a. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	11 40	a. m.
"	" Philadelphia.	3 15	p. m.
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Lock Haven..	11 10	a. m.
"	" Williamsport	12 20	p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg..	3 40	p. m.
"	" Philadelphia	6 45	p. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves	Renovo	8 40	p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	9 50	p. m.
"	" Williamsport	11 10	p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	2 45	a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 40	a. m.
FAST LINE leaves	Williamsport	12 35	a. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	3 50	a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 40	a. m.

Erie Mail West and Day Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains from Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Niagara Express West and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R. at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West and Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, General Sup't.

L. C. & S. C. RAIL ROAD.

	WESTWARD.		
	1.	3.	5.
LEAVE	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Montandon	7 00	2 00	6 20
Lewisburg Arrive	7 15	2 10	6 35
Lewisburg Leave	7 15	2 20	
Fair Ground	7 20	2 30	
Biehl	7 30	2 40	
Vicksburg	7 35	2 48	
Mifflinburg Arrive	7 50	3 05	
Mifflinburg Leave	7 50	3 15	
Millmont	8 10	3 35	
Laureiton	8 20	3 50	
Coburn	9 30		
Arrive at Spring Mills	10 00		
	EASTWARD.		
	2.	4.	76.
LEAVE	A. M.	A. M.	P. M
Spring Mills		10 20	
Coburn		10 45	
Laureiton		11 55	4 05
Millmont		12 05	4 20
Mifflinburg Arrive		12 30	4 40
Mifflinburg Leave		12 30	4 50
Vicksburg		12 45	5 05
Biehl		12 52	5 13
Fair Ground		1 02	5 23
Lewisburg Arrive		1 10	5 30
Lewisburg Leave	6 35	1 20	5 45
Arr. at Montandon	6 50	1 30	6 00

Nos. 1 & 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail west on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road.

Nos. 3 & 4 with Day Express east and Niagara Express west.

Nos. 5 & 6 with Fast Line west.

An Omnibus will run between Lewisburg and Montandon, to convey passengers to and from Pacific Express east on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.

The regular Railroad Tickets will be honored between these two points.

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Semi-Weekly - - - - for 50 Cents
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Or until after the Inauguration for double the above prices.

Democrats, send for it and read what is being done all over the country by Democrats to insure a glorious victory this fall. Send it to your Republican neighbors, and convert them to Democracy.

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NONE BETTER MADE BY ANY COMPANY AT ANY PRICE.
A Machine you can depend upon every day you use it.
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ALWAYS READY TO DO ITS WORK!!!

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737 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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MOST POPULAR
BEST
A PATTERN OF PERFECTION
MAKES NO NOISE
DOES NOT FATIGUE THE OPERATOR
ORANGE MASS.
JOHNSON, CLARK & CO. 30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK CITY.

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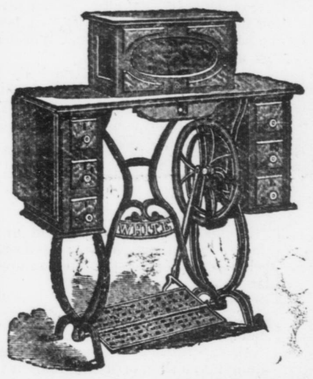
OF THE
White Sewing Machine



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IN THE WORLD.

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CLEVELAND, O.

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and how to obtain them. Pamphlet free, upon receipt of Stamp for postage. Address—
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Near Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

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CASKETS & COFFINS

always on hand, which we are also ready to furnish to other undertakers at reasonable prices.
SHOP ON PENN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

LOSE, HARTER & CO.

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25-3 m 723 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1880.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,
Editors and Proprietors.

Local Department.

Announcement.

ASSEMBLY.

We are authorized to announce that R. F. HUNTER, of Benner township, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that CHESTER MUNSON, Esq., of Philipsburg, will be a candidate for the Legislature, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that WM. M. MURRAY of Harris township, is a candidate for Legislature, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

We are authorized to announce that J. P. Gephart, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Legislature, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention.

—Oysters and squirrels will be ripe by Sept, 1st.

—Very hot weather for the last week or so.

—For good and cheap clothing go to Lewin's Philadelphia Branch Store Bellefonte, Pa. tf.

—Mr. Cornelius Bower gives notice that he will settle the accounts of John Hubbler deceased.

—The sale notes of the estate of Jonathan Philips, deceased, are now due, of which all concerned will please take notice. tf

—At the delegate elections in Clinton county last Saturday the delegates were unanimously instructed for Ex-Gov. Curtin for Congress.

—The heirs of John Hubler, late of Haines township, deceased, will have sale of the personal property of decedents, Saturday Sept. 11th.

—Neighbor Jacob Gephart has about five acres of the finest tobacco we ever saw. Indeed it is enough to make the heart of any smoker, chewer or snuffer leap for joy just to see it.

—The books and accounts of J. W. Stam are left in my hands for settlement and collection of which all concerned will please take notice.
3t T. R. STAM.

—*Harris, of the Standard Store, a Lewisburg, is now closing out his stock at greatly reduced prices preparatory to purchasing early fall goods. For bargains go to Haris.*

—One way in which men or boys might make themselves useful for an hour or so would be to pull or cut down the weeds that ornament the edges of many of our side walks.

—Mrs. Sister Susan Yony Harter has the warmest thanks of the poor little editor, the Mrs. editor and the balance of the *shebang* for a very fine lot of *boy ebble. He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.*

—Mr. Bench Granfengerber (guess that's spelled right) has been bringing us the nicest kind of apples regularly for several weeks past. Now that's business and we feel eyer so thankful over it. Such acts of pure kindness raise people wonderfully in our estimation.

—Our council has just contracted with Mr. J. W. Snook for the building of three new alley crossings—one between D. L. Zerby and J. C. Smith, the other between J. Harter and H. N. Kreamer, and the third in the rear of Snook's store.

—Mr. Lamy who was so severely injured by the explosion of Billmyer & Blair's saw-mill several weeks ago, is improving slowly, but we trust surely. Mr. Billmyer, the other man tnat was hurt, has pretty well recovered.

PUBLIC SALES.—Sept. 11th, farm of 106 acres near Rebersburg, by S. Gramly and A. Smull, Executors of the estate of Henry Smull, deceased.

August 27th, 11 acres of land in Poe Valley, by J. H. Reifsnyder, administrator of Jaco Immel's estate.

—Charley Frankenberger offers his home, near town, at private sale. Any person desiring a property of this siz would do well to look at this one for there is not a more complete property in this neighborhood.

The buildings are all new and very complete. Good water in abundance all the year round and choice fruit of very kind. tf.

A VETERAN.—Mr. Samuel Wolf, who lives in a small house above Zerby's saw-mill, near Penns Creek, is now in his 89th or 90th year, and is still quite a spry old boy. He chops his own fuel wood and hauls it home on a hand wagon, which is an old and constant companion. He and the old little wagon may occasionally be seen going or returning from the mill with a grist, the distance is nearly two miles. His mental as well as his physical powers are still normal and active.

—A young man from Texas married a girl in North Carolina and then proposed to leave her while he worked his way back to his Texas home, in the hope of there earning money enongh to send for her. She said however, that she would rather accompany him afoot. They therefore made the Journey of 1,600 miles as tramps; but their good appearance gained for them considerable help along the way, and for the last fifty miles they rode triumphantly in a carriage, provided by an enthusiastic admirer of their pluck.

THE MEETING.

A GRAND DEMONSTRATION!
5000 Democrats in Council!!
A Torchlight Procession
Over 2000 Strong!!!

DECHERT—SPEER—CURTIN.

The Democratic meeting in Bellefonte on Tuesday evening was one of those grand, old fashioned demonstrations that strike joy and glory into the hearts of the Democracy. It shows most unmistakably how the public pulse beats and that the "Superb Hancock" is the most popular candidate for President that has been before the American people these many years. It is estimated that five thousand people were present and over two thousand in the torch light procession alone. The procession in the evening was a mile long and made up of Five Brass Bands, a number of Drum Corps, over one hundred men on horse back. Two thousand footmen, with banners, flags transparencies and torches, all under the command of Maj. R. H. Forster as Chief Marshall, assisted by several aids. The several Hancock organizations of Bellefonte appeared in splendid uniforms.

The vast Court House was filled to its utmost capacity, while another meeting was organized outside for the great multitude who could not get into the court house at all. Speeches were made in the court house by Dechert, of Philadelphia, our candidate for Auditor General, Speer, of Huntingdon and our own grand noble Curtin. The enthusiasm was unbounded, especially during Curtin's speech. It was again shown what a strong hold the old War Governor has on the hearts of the people. The meeting on the outside was addressed by Hon. B. F. Myers, of the *Harrisburg Patriot*, Hon. C. T. Alexander, Hon. L. A. Mackey and others.

We have neither time nor space to give details of this big gathering. It shows above all things that the Democrats of Centre county are awake to a sense of their duty and that they will give a good account of themselves in November.

—Boys if you must smoke (but we know you needn't) don't smoke the fashionable little cigarette but rather smoke a good big cigar. The cigarette is highly impregnated with opium and the wrapper is whitened with arsenic, two dangerous poisons which produce the most injurious effects upon its votaries. Therefore we advise the boys and also some girls to leave it alone.

THE MILLHEIM CEMETERY.

A meeting of the Millheim Cemetery Association was held in the school house last Friday evening for the purpose of acting on a set of by-laws prepared by a committee and completing regulations for the government of the association under the charter recently obtained. A fair number was present, considering the general indifference on the matter, and a good spirit prevailed. The by-laws were well digested and fully discussed. For once we were fully pleased with a meeting of this kind.

The following are the Directors of the Association: R. B. Hartman—President, J. H. Reifsnyder—Secretary and Treasurer, W. R. Weiser, Jacob Gephart, Elias Lose, B. O. Deininger.

The by-laws as amended and adopted, are as follows:

SEC. 1st. The management shall be under the direction of the directors of said corporation, and it shall be their duty to keep said cemetery and fences enclosing it in good order and repair, and allow no part of it to go into dilapidation or destruction. They may levy and collect a tax upon each member owning a lot not exceeding two dollars, and upon each member owning a half lot not exceeding one dollar, and to collect the same as provided for by the Act. of Assembly of April 18th 1874, and the several supplements thereto.

SEC. 2nd. The Secretary and Treasurer shall have charge of all books and papers of the Association, the selling of lots and granting of permits for burial to such as have no lots and collect and receive such price or sum as may be fixed upon by the Association.

ART. 2nd.

SEC. 1st. The price of lots shall be $10.00, of half lots $5.00 and for single graves $2 for adults and $1 for persons under the age of 15 years. No person shall be buried upon said cemetery who neither owns a lot or has paid a contribution towards the same; but this shall not prevent relatives or friends from complying with these requirements.

SEC. 2nd. Each person or persons owning a lot or having some one buried upon the cemetery shall be required to keep the same in a proper condition and remove all stones or rubbish accumulating on such lot or place of burial and in case of neglect or refusal after a reasonable notice given, the same shall be removed by the directors and the expense for the same charged to the person so neglecting or refusing.

SEC. 3rd. The salary of the Secretary and Treasurer shall be fixed by the board of directors, and no other officers shall receive any pay or compensation whatever for their services. All bills and claims against the Association must be passed by the board of directors before an order shall be drawn for the payment of the same.

News Miscellany.

THREATENED TO HAVE HIS MARRIAGE UNDONE.—According to the *Journal*, a gallant young man and a dainty young lady from the country recently stepped into an alderman's office in Lock Haven and were married. The groom handed the alderman $3,50 for his service, and was told to come on Monday for the certificate, and the alderman said: "Now give me a dollar and a-half more and I'll get you up a fine certificate." To all of which the young man roared out: "See yer! What d'ye take me fur? I've paid you more than your fee now, and I've a durned good notion to bring the girl back and have you undo it and get the money back again."

—An infant child of Franklin Kantner, of Berka county, was left in charge of a little girl, who after putting the baby to sleep went out, on her return it was discovered that a large rat had gnawed the child's face so that it will be impossible for it to recover.

A man in Berks couty recently sold some hay that had been in his barn since its erection—fifty-four years ago.

Cleveland capitalists have sunk a shaft at a cost of $3,000, at Indiantown Gap, Lebanon Co., this state; and the vein of silver that has been struck is pronounced one of the richest yet discovered in the country.

Lebanon will soon have two very beautiful churches within its boundaries. The Episcopal church lately built which cost $200,000, of which $150,000 was paid by the Coleman heirs, and St. Mary's Roman Catholic, which is very nearly completed.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE admits both sexes. Endowment half a million. Tuition *free*. Courses of study, Classical, Scientific, and Agricultural. A thorough Preparatory Department. Expenses $3 to $5 per week. For catalogue, address
JOSEPH SHORTLIDGE, A. M., Pres.
State College, Pa.

Hon. Hiester Clymer, while out riding recently with his wife, mother-in-law and sister-in-law, near Reading, met with an accident in the overturning of his carriage and the party was thrown out. Mr. Clymer fell on his right shoulder and received a fracture of the right arm near the shoulder, and a number of bruises about the body. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Baron Von Schrader, and her daughter were somewhat bruised by their fall.

JUDGE LYNCH.

His Work on a Young Man who Eloped.

ATLANTA, Ga., August 19.—A young man named Waldron having been arrested at Sunny Side, Georgia, by the sheriff of Spalding county, a posse overpowered the sheriff, took the prisoner and cut his head off. Waldron ran away about two weeks ago and came to Atlanta, bringing with him a young girl twelve years old, his wife's sister.

COL. JAMES YOUNG.—On his large farm near Middleton, cut 300 acres of wheat, pronounced the finest harvested this season.

APPLES are selling at fifteen cents per bushel in Beaver and Washington counties.

HORRIBLE HYENAS.

They Mangle their Trainer During a Street Parade.

RICHMOND, Va., August 18.—Yesterday, while Coup's grand circus was parading in Winchester, the keeper of the cage of hyenas was pounced upon and torn to pieces by the infuriated and treacherous animals. The keeper, who was in the cage at the time, had his back slightly turned toward the hyenas, and was looking at the cheering multitude. The spectators fell back aghast when they saw the whole den of hyenas suddenly pounce upon the man, and throwing him to the floor of the cage, begin to mangle him with their teeth and claws. The keeper, whose name was Drayton, made a desperate attempt to save his life, and despite his critical position assumed his usual cool tone of command; but the beasts, maddened by the taste of blood, did not heed him. The people who witnessed his brave struggle for life were powerless to help him, as they feared that by opening the door of the cage the hyenas would pounce upon them. At length some of the showmen succeeded in rescuing Drayton, but he was so badly wounded that his life is despaired of.

A BRUTAL MURDER.

A man Driven Into the Water and Stoned Until He Sank.

PITTSBURG, August 17.

Another cold-blooded murder has been added to the long list of criminal tragedies in Allegheny county. Yesterday a well-dressed workingman, who was traveling along the Fort Wayne Road in search of employment, plucked a bunch of grapes from a cluster overhanging a fence in Mrs. Rhoder's property, about seven miles below the city. The woman saw him and set her dog on the fellow, who had started to run towards the river. Then she secured the aid of a gang of track laborers on the Fort Wayne Road. John Holland, the boss; Morris Merriman Baltz, Martin Luster and other laborers reached the shore as the man was swimming back, he having sought the water to escape the dog. He pleaded for mercy, but the railroad laborers sent numerous volleys of stones after him and to escape he struck for the opposite shore. He became exhausted, swam back till he could touch bottom, then tried to remove his shoes. A terrible fusilade of stones was kept up and to escape the missiles the poor fellow again struck out, still encumbered with one shoe. He swam put a little distance when he sank. A citizen who witnessed the murder rushed to his rescue in a skiff, but the man sank, never to rise alive, before the skiff reached him. Coroner Hope has been grappling all day for the body, but without seccess. Thesearch will be renewed to-morrow and if the body of the unknown man is found the whole gang of brutal laborers will be jailed.

EXAMINATIONS OF TEACHERS FOR 1880.

The Examinations of Teachers for the Schools of Centre Conty will be held as specified in this announcement:

Bellefonte, Tuesday, August 24.
Philipsburg and Rush, Philipsburg, Wednesday, Aug. 25.
Taylor, Hannah Furnace, Thursday, August 26.
Worth, Port Matilda, Friday, August 27.
Huston, Julian Furnace, Saturday, August 28.
Snow Shoe and Burnside, Snow Shoe, Tuesday Aug. 31.
Unionville and Union, Unionville, Wednesday, Sept. 1.
Milesburg and Boggs, Milesburg, Thursday, Sept. 2.
Liberty, Eagleville, Friday Sept 3.
Walker, Hublersburg, Monday, Sept. 6.
Howard and Curtin, Howard, Tuesday, September 7.
Marion, Jacksonville, Wednesday, September 8.
Spring, Valentine's School House, Thursday, Sept. 9.
Benner, Knox' School House, Friday September 10.
Patton, Waddle's School House, Tuesday, Sept. 14.
Halfmoon, Stormstown, Wednesday, Sept. 15.
Ferguson, Pine Grove, Thursday, Sept. 16.
College, Lemo Friday, Sept 17.
Harris, Boalsb Saturday, Sept. 18.
Haines, Aaronsburg, Monday, Sept. 20.
Millheim and Penn, Millheim esday, Sept. 21.
Greg Pe Hall, Wednesday, Sept. 22.
Potter, Centre Hall, Thursday, Sept. 23.
Miles, Rebersburg, Saturday, Sept. 25.

A special examination to fill vacancies will be held at the superintendent's office, Bellefonte, Friday, October 8; but applicants must come recommended by at least four directors of the districts in which they intend to teach, and give a reason for not having attended the district examination.

Examinations each day will commence at 9 A. M.; applicants will have to be present in time, and some of the directors should also be present in time to make out a list of applicants to be examined.

H. MEYER, Co. Supt.
Rebersburg, Pa., July 21, 1880.

Jury List for August Court.

GRAND JURORS.

Harris—Henry Potter, G. B. Jack, D. Keller.
Philipsburg—C T Fryberger, G G Pottsgrove, J N Cassanova.
Marion—S Henderson.
Bellefonte—R M'Knight, J Klinger, G W Jackson, W J. Steele.
Miles—S M Spangler.
Liberty—J A Stover.
College—R Kendal.
Haines—T Edmonds, B F Burd.
Snow Shoe—W Stewart, Jr.
Walker—Wm Zerby.
Benner—H Sampsel.
Ferguson—R Craig.
Potter—Dr. Jacobs.
Milesburg—G Gray.
Curtin—Jno M'Closky.
Boggs—A Fetzer.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Unionville—A T Leathers.
Bellefonte—Wm Harper, J Irvin, Jr., J A Eakin, J P Harris.
Spring—H F Bartly, Geo Garbrick, G W Lonebarger, Thomas Shearer.
Miles—Wm Bair, Daniel Musser, H Smull, Mich Bierly, Emanuel Harter.
Harris—G W Campbell, C Durst, H Meyers, Jr.
Marion—Jas Martin.
Walker—D A Dietrick.
Snow Shoe—R Gilliland, W F Holt, J A Thompson.
Haines—Mich Fiedler, J C Motz.
Half Moon—A Stine, Is Beck.
Howard boro—G Wistar.
Howard—J W Gardner.
Ferguson—Dan Dreibelbis, J L Musser, C B Hess, D W Miller, C Danley.
Penn—D Fetle, Benj Kerstetter.
Patton—O C Beck.
Union—B Shipley, A Calhoun.
Benner—A Y Wagner, Wm Close, Jas Carson.
Milesburg—C D Jones.
Philipsburg—Josh Beck.
Boggs—D P Shope.
College—Wm M'Girk.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Rush—B Coyle, W J Jackson.
Ferguson—F Bottorf, Jac Keller, D Dennis, S J Gates, G Kichline.
Haines—Jonathan Krape, T G Ehrhart.
Milesburg—A T Boggs.
Huston—J P Turner, G W Woodring.
Penn—J H Frank, Dan Hosterman.
Bellefonte—J Brachbill, L L Brown, F P Green.
Boggs—G Noll, J Walters.
Gregg—Jac F Homan, H A Krumrine, I J Grenoble.
Unionville—H Iddings.
Walker—W H Yearick, John Zimmerman.
Spring—Ed Woods.
Liberty—W N Bitner.
Union—J Frederick.
Howard—M Fletcher, I C Leathers.
Philipsburg—A S Graham.
Potter—Jas M'Cormick, Joe Wagner, Jr.
Halfmoon—W S Gray.
Benner—D Houser.

DIED.

On the 18th inst., at Harrisburg, Charles M. Calder, son of Dr. James Calder, in the 25th year of his age.

On the 20th inst., in Millheim, James Nicholson, son of B. F. & Judith Miller, aged 1 year, 1 month and 20 days.

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Lock Box 314, Washington, D. C.

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1880. BEE HIVE! 1880.

To my Friends in Penns and Brush Valleys!

THE LARGEST

DRY GOODS HOUSE

IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA IS THE GREAT

BEE HIVE Store of Lock Haven.

BEE HIVE!

Which is now Opening the Third Stock for the Spring of 1880

which is simply Immense in all its Departments.

30,000 Yards Bleached and Unbleached Muslins,

CALICOS AND SHIRTINGS

A large stock of 10-4, 9-4, 6-4, 5-4 UTICA BLEACHED and UNBLEACHED SHEETINGS and PILLOW CASINGS
3000 Yards Good Calico, Fast Colors. Beautiful Styles, 6 Cents a Yard.
The Largest Stock of TABLE LINENS ever shown in this City at old prices. 500 TOWELS at 25 Cents, worth 40 Cents. 35 dozen 3-4 Bleached all LINEN NAPKINS at $2.65, worth $3.40. 18 inch TWILLED HEAVY TOWELLING, 18

1000 Yards of Summer Pantings,

Bought early in January, since which time they have advanced 20 per cent., but will be sold at old prices of a year ago.

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FANCY CHEVIOT SUITINGS,
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Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
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Tymothyseed	
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	5.00
Butter	15
Hams	10
Sides	7
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	
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The Morphine Trick.

A few days ago one of the seediest sort of tramps, seemingly about fifty years old, attached himself to a free lunch saloon on Monroe avenue, Detroit, and soon felt perfectly at home. When ordered out he went out, but the trouble was he wouldn't stay out. As a last resort he was kicked out, but in an hour he came back and seemed so humble and forgiving that the proprietor didn't like to give him any more cowhide. After a day or two a different plan was tried The vag had several times referred to a pain in his chest, and the barkeeper mixed him up a cure. In ten minutes after drinking it he was excitedly informed that he had been given a large doze of morphine by mistake. A party was at hand to play doctor, and it was decided that the tramp must walk until he overcame the influence of the drug. One and another took turns with him until he had put in about four hours in the back yard, and he was then told to walk in the country at least five miles to make his cure certain. He took the case very coolly, never protesting a word, and as he started for the green fields it was supposed that the saloon had seen the last of him. Nevertheless, he returned in about four hours, lame in the left leg, covered with dust, and apparently almost exhausted. He said he had walked in vain. Finding that death was determined to claim him, he had returned to die with his friends. Before they could protest he fell to the floor, breaking the back off a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him, the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap let any one known he wasn't dead. He came to in some sort of fit which required a great deal of kicking, and he took good care that every kick counted on something. When sufficiently restored to sit up he was given nearly half a pint of wine, and as his strength increased he got away with enough luncheon for four men. It was deemed good policy to hand him half a dollar and turn him out upon the world. Just how much profit the saloon keeper made in playing the morphine trick is what will puzzle him for a week to come.

The Brinkerhoff Trap.

Knowing that a bald head is the one temptation that no fly can resist, Mr. Brinkerhoff has contrived a trap based upon the knowledge of this fact. The "Brinkerheff fly-trap" consists of a life-size figure of a middle-aged man with a bald head. The figure is made of wax, colored so as to perfectly imitate the complexion of a middle-aged and healthy diner-out, and the head is so constructed that at fixed intervals of fifteen minutes concealed clock-works cause a roller to pass over the skull with rapidity of lighting. The Brinkerkoff trap, when placed in any room, will instantly attract every fly present. It is, to all appearance, precisely the kind of man whom flies delight to annoy, and consequently, the moment a fly sees it, he will abandon a lump of sugar, or a bowl of milk, or even a sleeping baby, and pounce on the bald head. At the end of fifteen minutes the roller passes over the head and crushing every fly in its path. The same process is repeated over and over again until all the flies in the room are exterminated. The trap has been tried in several of the leading restaurants in Philadelphia with complete success, killing, on an average, thirty full quarts of flies per hour, and the inventor has received thousands of certificates from leading citizens expressing their obligations to him, and their determination never to be without a Brinkerhoff trap.

An Intelligent Work-Horse.

An amusing instance of equine intelligence is related in regard to the horse Paddy, doing steady and faithful service in the Horton House, San Diego, Californina, baggage wagon. Paddy is stabled and well fed at Johnny Hinton's, and regularly every morning he is harnessed to his wagon, and, unattended, goes directly to his wonted stand in front of the main entrance to the Horton House, where, all unnoticed, he awaits patiently any requisition which may be made for him. If the morning is pleasant Paddy remains as immovable as a rock till wanted; but if the morning is cold, windy or damp, after waiting a reasonable time, he deliberately walks around to the eastern end of the house and enters the horse shed at the north-east corner, opposite the Methodist church. In performing this feat the horse makes two sharp turns at right angles, and never strikes post, sidewalks, or steps in so doing. So regular is the horse in regard to seeking shelter if the morning is disagreeable, that whenever any one about the house has occasion for Paddy's services, they invariable know whether to go to the front or the side doors to find him. On Friday morning the horse was hitched up at the stable as usual, and started for his accustomed place at the front. As he left the stable, however, the steamer Ancon was just rounding the point off the foot of D street on her way to the dock. Paddy, true as steel, stopped, as is his regular custom, but the porter failed to demand his services as quickly as usual on steamer days, so, remaining at his post until after the Ancon's gun was fired, the horse took up his line of march to the wharf, evidently understanding that he would be needed there as soon as the passengers arrived at the landing. After completing the labors in which he was engaged at the time, the porter was directed to go to the wharf with Paddy, and started out for that purpose. But Paddy was nowhere to be seen. Thinking the stableboy derelict in his duties, the porter proceeded to the stable to "hurry up" matters as it was getting late, and was astonished to learn that Paddy had been sent out as usual. Diligent search was then instituted for the missing horse and wagon, when it was soon learned that the animal had been seen going down Fifth street toward the wharf. Sure enough, Paddy had reached the wharf in safety, and was there found with the wagon backed up against the platform as carefully as if he had been guided by the porter himself, and stood patiently w iting to have his wagon filled with baggage. All the while the horse was looking about him uneasily, as much as to say, "Baggage for the Horton House—this way, gentleman," and there is little doubt if the horse had received his accustomed load before the arrival of the porter, he would have taken the same to the house without accident.

A New Society Laugh.

One of the summer fashions is a new laugh, which goes like this: "Te-he, te-he! Ha, ha, ha! Oh-h-h-h—ha, ha, ha!" The directions are as follows: "A low and sly beginning is made with the 'te-he,' as though mirth was struggling inside to break out through maidenly reserve, and the mouth is kept tightly closed, while the eyes are opened wide, thus giving an expresion of mingled demureness and mischievousness. Then follows the 'Ha, ha, ha,' higher and louder, with a parting of the lips to show the teeth, it they be white and regular. The 'Oh, h-h' comes next in a tone of surprise, reproof or artless gayety according to the nature of the thing laughed at, and the voice rises into a pretty little scream. The ensuing pause covers a sudden sense of the impropriety of making so much noise, the eyes are cast down, and a blush can in most instances be produced by holding the breath with the lungs very fully inflated. The final 'Ha, ha, ha, is given as a crescendo, spiritedly and without any show of restraint, like the outbursting hilarity of an unconventional milkmaid." This novelty in laughs is heard everywhere in the metropolis and is sure to become popular at the summer resorts. With a little alteration it can be made to fit any mouth.

Birds of July.

In July one hundred and eight species of birds should be found in the Eastern and Middle states. In that month many of the smaller birds have broods of young ready to fly, and seem to be placed in a world of perplexity. Out in the apple tree behind the house is the little lichen-covered nest of a pair of least flycatchers. The young have within a day or two left the nest, and the old birds hardly know what to do with them. A passer-by throws the parents into an agony of alarm. They flutter and chirp and refuse to be quiet until the stranger is out of sight. There is continually some cause for fear; now a cat prowls through the grass and now a stray crow black bird, whose taste for young flycatchers is specially developed, flies so that the poor flycatchers will not be at rest until their young are strong enough to fly and wise enough to be timid. Go into the woods anywhere and you will find the bird busied about their young, collecting their food and teaching them how to fly. Imitate the cry of a wounded bird by making a screeching noise with your lips against the back of your hand and you will soon be surrounded by eager throngs of birds. all anxious to see if any of their little ones have fallen into your clutches. Go into the pine groves, remain quiet for a while and you will see restless little chickade, black throated green warblers, black and white creepers, red eyed vireos, Wilson's thrushes, blue jays and others less common. Pass from the grove of alders and birches, and bordered by a swamp, and you will find a very different display of birds life. Here will be found the Maryland yellow throat, and with him will come the song sparrow, the brown thrush, the chewink, the cat bird, and red winged blackbird, the summer yellow warbler and the indigo bird. Our mixed woods of chesnut, oak, maple. pine, birch, are rich in bird life. Listen for the slighest rustle in the leaves, watch for the swaying of a twig, for these slight signs reveal the presence of some modest songster whose delicate beauty surpasses that of the richest fabrics, and whose graceful movements charm the fortunate observer who can find and see our birds at home. The first bird to attract attention will be the chesnut sided warbler, with his pretty yellow cap and chesnut sides; and, somewhere in these woods; you will not fail to see warbling vireos, wood pewees, blue yellow-backed warblers, red starts, ovenbirds, and downy woodpeckers. By rare good fortune you may catch a glimpse of a rose-breasted grosbeak, or of a scarlet tanager, that brilliant king of the woods, whose bright crimson plumage instantly attracts your eye as he swings easily along the topmost branches. Not alone in the woods, but take a stroll in the meadow, with one who keeps his eyes and ears open, and learn the birds there. Meadow larks; bobolinks; field, grass, yellow-winged, and Savannah sparrows; cow black birds; and many others fly abont you or spring up almost under your feet. Climb the stone wall and sit down under the orchard boughs and watch. Here we see orioles, king-birds, cherry-birds, pboehes, golden-winged woodpeckers, chipping sparrows, cuckoos, bluebirds, and the swift swallow, all active and full of business, hunting down and killing the caterpillar, destroying the curculios, and the new laid eggs of the "army worm" moth, carrying devastation into the ranks of the "cut worm" moth, and proving themselves the best friends of the agriculturist by destroying the many insects injurious to vegetation.

Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness should be regarded as a duty, because it has much to do with our own individual happiness and the happiness of those around us. We should therefore endeaver under all circumstances to cultivate a cheerful disposition, and hopefully look upon the bright side of things, rather than on that which is gloomy and disheartening. Life, in its best phases, has its trials and difficulties, and much that is calculated to depress the spirits, but it is unmanly to yield to these discouragements, and become gloomy and sad under what, perhaps after all, is a blessing in disguise, calculated to develop the highest Christian graces and cast our character into a model of great moral beauty. But while life has its ills, it has also its joys, and these are far more numerous than its sorrows. A proper consideration of the comforts and blessings which surround us, of the kind care which our Heavenly Father exercises over us, and of the prospect of ultimate deliverance from all sorrow and pain, should sustain our minds, inspire us with courage, and enable us cheerfully to endure.

A NEW YORK engraver recently made this mistake: "Mr. and Mrs. ——respectfully request your presents at a marriage of their daughter.

AGRICULTURE.

PROMPTNESS IN FARM WORK.—There are few things more important to success in farming than promptness in executing all necessary farm work. In the planting, cultivation and harvesting of all farm crops it is essential that the work be done in time, for delay is liable to result in loss, if not in entire failure. Work done too late is rarely as effectual as that done in season, besides being often much more expensive. For instance: if the cultivation of a field of corn, when weeds are starting thick or fast, is delayed a week too long, the work becomes much more laborious and costly, and besides the crop is permanently injured. In such cases the work of cultivation increases by a ratio with each day it is delayed. If the planting of a field of corn is delayed a week too late, it may not have time to become fully developedbefore autumnal frosts, thus causing loss, A farmer habitually behind with his work is not a good farmer. He proves his inability to manage his business properly. Such a farmer, like a man in debt, and paying interest, labors under a disadvantage. He either attempts too little help, or, as is frequently the case, uses too little head work. If we wish always to be prompt with our work we must employ some thought in our business. Forethought is one of the farmer's best servants. It will, if properly guided, enable us to arrange our business that our work, shall be done at the right time. If we do not think of our work until it is time to do it, we will almost always find unexpected circumstances which will cause more or less delay. The successful farmer sees and provides for emergencies before they arise, and lays out a plan of action at the commencement of every piece of work. Right here we believe is the line that often exists between good and poor farmers, or those who are not. The successful farmer takes great interest in his work, and is continually looking ahead or forecasting, so that he is never in doubt what to do or how to do it. The successful farmer employs little thought in his business, lays few careful plans. and when emergencies arise has no provisions made to meet them, and thus, often gets behind with his work, and in his haste to "catch up" with it, suffers loss, for "haste makes waste."

VALUE OF PARSNIPS—For spanning over the season "between hay and grass" there is nothing better than parsnips. They are the only roots that will remain in the ground all winter without injury from freezing. They may be dug and fed to stock at any time after the frost is out of the soil till they begin to leave out. For cows giving milk in early spring they are excellent. Horses, sheep and pigs will also eat them readily. If they are boiled or steamed pigs and fowls prefer them to almost any kind of food. Parsnips are extensively raised for feeding fowls in France and Belgium. When designed for fa tening fowls for the table they are first boiled or steamed and then fried in cheap fat. The parsnip is more valuable for human food than most persons suppose. They should be first boiled and then cut in thin slices and fried in lard, butter or "drippings" till the surface is brown.—Cooked in this way they are excellent when served with ham or roast meat. No edible root is as easily raised in this country as the parsnip. Our climate is not favorable to the production of turnips, but parsnips may be raised with very little trouble. They should be planted in drills from two to three feet apart, and thinned out so that the plants have a space of about four inches between them. If cultivated by hand the rows may be only eighteen inches apart. It is necessary to cultivate the plants by hand. After they have attained considerable size the foliage will shade the ground so that little cultivation is necessary. Five hundred bushels per acre is an average yield.

TO DESTOY THE CABBAGE WORM—The complaint still continues of the ravages of the cabbage-worm and a demand for a remedy for it. In an agricultural journal, a few weeks ago, a correspondent told of his troubles last year and that they were already beginning this season, and asked for some way to dislodge the worm. Several knowing persons responded, and in looking over their remedies we did not regard one of them as furnishing what was needed. But we can tell the enquirer and all others what is a remedy for the cabbage worm, which is within every one's reach, if it is properly applied. It is simply to sprinkle over the parts of cabbage plant where the worm usually operates, a pinch of cayenne or red pepper. Nothing more or less.—Keep a few ounces on hand and use it when needed, but use it carefully so as to reach the insect, and it will promptly dislodge it.

POULTRY YARDS—Every chicken house should have an ample yard or grass run, Never clip the wings of fowls if it can be avoided; it disfigures the bird, prevents the right use of the wings, and consequently they will not thrive as well. They should have small trees or grape vines for shade, or to scratch under. Ground bone, sulphur, charcoal and cayenne pepper should be administered every eight or ten days. Sulphur, pepper and charcoal, a teaspoonful mixed with the morning feed, will contribute much to the health and appearance of the fowls. Fowls should have meat once a week. Cabbages, apples, lettuce, etc., all are good, and will more than pay for their cost in the increased supply of eggs. Young chickens should be kept dry and clean, at the same time having pure air, They should have an abundance of fresh water. They should not have access to stagnant pools or any kind of slops.

As milk and cream are great absorbents of impurities in confined air, we have frequently suggested that every care should be exercised in keeping milk rooms perfectly pure and clean. The firkins should be filled the day before needed with boiling water, and in an hour mixed with cold water. Perfect cleanliness is a very important consideration from the milking of the cow until the butter is brought to market.

Fungi on Glass.—Professor James W. Ward, of Buffalo, discovered lately a fungous growth formed on panes of glass, and presented a theory that they were due to human exhalations, or confined breath. A Mr Thos. Gaffield writes to a paper making short work of the fungi, by stating that he is a practical glass-maker and has often seen such appearances on glass, which are nothing but efflorescence upon the surface, due to the excess of soda or potash, and can be removed by using skillfully hydrofluoric acid. Professor Ward, in reply, tones down his original statement considerably, and admits many errors, but still holds on to the theory that there are fungi. And so the matter rests for the present. It appears to us a pity Professor Ward did not cure the supposed fungi with nitric acid, which would, we suppose, at once destroy any vegetable such as a fungi, and thus settle the point.

DOMESTIC.

HOW TO MAKE COFFEE.—With all the new-fangled coffee pots and numerous inventions in this line, the secret of making coffee is a very simple one. It is only to get the delicious oily substances out of the grounds and hold it in the hot water before it flies off in the air all over the house. Very refreshing it is to smell the coffee boiling in the kitchen whereon the front door opens, but what goes out on the air is lost to the coffee pot. A common practice with cooks is to grind their coffee over night, and put it to boil a half an hour before breakfast time. It does boil, and sometimes the brown fluid that is poured out of the coffee pot afterwards has only its brown color to tell it by. All that makes it delicious has gone out in steam up the chimney. The usual coffee receipts give too much water, for they allow *room for some to boil away*. There is no need of that. Therefore, a pint of boiling water, instead of a quart, to a cup full of ground coffee is a better proportion. Mix the coffee with enough cold water to make it a paste, beat it a little with a spoon. Put the precise quantity of water you desire into your bright tin coffee pot, which must always be kept bright if you want good coffee. At the moment it boils turn into it your coffee paste and set it back from the fire, where it will keep hot, but not boil. The aroma of the coffee does not pour out of the spout, but remains within, and the coffee rather steeps than simmers. This is the true way to get all of its strength. When just ready to serve draw it for a moment over the fire to bring it to the boiling point, but not longer. Then carry to table in the pot it is made in. Coffee made in this way should be beautifully clear, without the clearing of an egg. When the egg is used, either the shells can be thrown into the coffee paste or the white turned in on it and stirred, but not beaten. The advantage of making coffee in this way is that a small quantity goes further, and that it can be always ready for the breakfast bell, even if prepared some time before. The bright metal pot keeps it hot, where the blackened or smoked tin lets it get cool too fast.

No Hospital Needed.

No palatial hospital needed for Hop Bitters patients, nor large-salaried talented puffers to tell what Hop Bitters will do or cure, as they tell their own story by their certain and absolute cures at home.—*New York Independent.*

TO CROCHET A BABY'S BIB.—Make a chain of 38 stitches, widening in the middle, by making two stitches in the 19th loop. Turn, and D. C. back always throughout the work, putting the hook in the outside half of the loop, amd widening always in the middle. Continue thus back and forth until you can count 15 of these "ribs." fasten and break off the cotton. Then make a new chain of 55 stitches and fasten it with the hook to the upper corner of the piece you have crocheted (*opposite* the corner where you broke off the thread, to make the rib come rightly), crochet down the side of the bib, widen at the corner, then across the bottom, widening at the center and at the corner, then crochet up the other side, and then make a chain of 55 stitches, without breaking off the thread. Turn, work back around the bib, and out to the end of the chain on the other side, always widening at the corners and in the middle, and always taking the back of the loop. Continue this until you can count eight ribs on tho side; then finish with any pretty edge you may fancy, and put cord and tassel of the cotton on to tie it on with.

SUFFER not disappointment by employing too many "cures;"—but for the diseases of Infancy use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup which never disappoints, and costs only 25 cents a bottle.

LIVER AND BACON.—One half pound calf's liver, half pound of bacon; slice this last thin, and cut off the rind, and put in frying pan and cook for five minutes over a moderate fire. Take the bacon from the pan, put into a hot dish, and set aside in the oven to keep hot. Put the sliced liver into the fat drawn from the bacon in the frying pan. Let it fry for ten minutes, and remove to the bacon dish. Stir into the pan a half ounce of flour; when it is browned, add half a pint of soup stock, if you have any on hand; salt, pepper and a dessert spoonful of catsup. Stir this till it boils, then pour over liver and bacon, and serve.

VEGETINE is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.

YEAST FROM GRAPE LEAVES.—Grape leaves make a yeast in some respects superior to hops, an the bread rises sooner, and has not the peculiar taste which many object to in that made from hops. Use eight or ten leaves for a quart of yeast; boil them for about ten minutes, and then pour the hot liquor on the flour, the quantity of the latter being determined by whether the yeast is wanted thick or thin. Use hop yeast to raise it to begin with, and afterward that made of grape leaves. Dried leaves will be as good as fresh. If a dark film appears upon the surface when rising, a little stirring will obviit.

CEMENT FOR GENERAL USE.—For joining paper, card-board, or model work, or similar articles, a good glue can be made of glue, vinegar and alcohol. Dissolve two ounces of the best transparent glue in a quarter of a pint of strong cider vineger. Let it simmer slowly by placing the dish containing it in a dish of boiling water. When it has beome liquid, add one ounce of highest proof alcohol, and keep it tightly corked. If solidified by cold, heat in hot water when needed for use. Diluted acetic acid may be substituted for the cider vinegar.

IF the Baby is to have health, it must have sound and refreshing sleep. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup insures this. Price 25 cents a bottle.

VEGETABLE CURRY.—Cut some onions into thin slices, and fry them a good brown in butter, add a breakfast cupful of milk, in which a teaspoonful of curry powder has been mixed; let all boil together for twenty minutes, stirring the whole time; then add the vegetables previously parboiled, and let the whole simmer by the side of the fire for about an hour. Potatoes, peas, b ans, carrots and turnips can be used, but broad beans alone make a delicious curry.

NEURALGIA REMEDY.—Prepare horse radish, by grating and mixing in vinegar, the same as for table purposes, and apply to the temple when the face or head is affected, or the wrist, when the pain is in the arm or shoulder.

WHEN leaving home for the summer, the prudent provide themselves with Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, in order to treat promptly and effectually all attacks of Cramp, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, &c.—complaints more or less prevalent everywhere at this season of the year.

HUMOROUS.

A LADY called at a store on Winter street, the other day, and inquired of a polite salesman who was measuring fringe: "Do you keep buttons?" "Opposite, madame, if you please," said he, as he paused in his work, and showed a row of very white teeth. To his dismay she walked deliberately out of the door and crossed the street to a rival establishment. The young man did not lose his situation, but he got a blowing up that made him think Fourth of July had come again with even more than its wonted explosiveness. When anybody asks for buttons now, he bars the passage to the door with his yard-tick, and points energetically, while he exclaims, "Opposite counter!" with a special emphasis on the last word. He is determined not to be caught again at the game of button, who's got the button or to suffer from a counter movement.

A Great Enterprise.

The Hop Bitters Manufacturing Company is one of Rochester's greatest business enterprises. Their Hop Bitters have reached a sale beyond all precedent, having from their intrinsic value found their way into almost every household in the land.—*Graphic.*

As a crowded car was passing up East Broadway, a gentleman in the car punched the driver in the back with his cane, and said: "I expect that lady wants to ride." The driver, supposing the gentleman had seen the lady signal the car, put on the brakes and waited for the lady, who weighed about two hundred pounds, to come up, which she did, and passed on without getting in. "What made you think that lady wanted to ride?" growled the driver. "Because she was walking, my dear fellow. It is only those who are walking outside of the car who want to get inside. You never noticed that, did you? Never mind, I'll get you another passenger directly," and he gazed intently down a cross street for the next pedestrian.

"WHAT will you paint a couple of landscapes in oil for?" asked a chair dealer the other day of a celebrated artist. Very reasonable, as business is dull," replied the artist. "Well, I will let you know when you can commence." After waiting some two months, the artist, meeting the chair dealer asked if he was ready. "No, sir, my chair painter is doing it.

IN THE past eight years, scores of soaps have come into the market, and being worthless, have died a natural death. Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., Phila.,) old and reliable, leads the van. Try it.

AN attorney brought an immense bill to a lady for some business he had done for her. The lady, to whom he once paid his addresses, murmured at the charges. "Madam," replied the limb of the law, "I wanted to convince you that my profession is lucrative, and that I should not have been a bad match.

A FELLOW once walked out of a store in Gloucester with a fish which he had stolen tucked under his vest. He hadn't gone far with his plunder before he was brought to a halt by a shrewd passer-by, who taking in the situation at a glance, exclaimed, "see here my friend, you ought either to wear longer vests or steal shorter fish."

A BAGGAGE car with fifty trunks and a lot of other baggage was burned near Milford, Del., a few days ago, and the baggage smasher has been prostrated with grief ever since. He had felicitated himself upon having one more wrestle with these trunks, and the disappointment has shattered his nervous system.

AN amusing story is told of a thrifty householder in Newburyport, Massachusetts, who travels on a season ticket to and from Boston, and having purchased a bedstead in that city, carried it home piecemeal to save freight charges.

IT is said that the deepest gorge in the world has been discovered in Colorado. We always had the impression that the biggest gorge in this country might be witnessed at a railway station where the train stops "five minutes for lunch."

IF you are hairless and cappy there is one way and no more by which you may be made careless and happy—use CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, it will positively make new hair grow.

A STOCK company has been organized in the East for the manufacture of plows. We don't want to hold any of its shares. There is no harder work than to hold a plow share—when a couple of horses are pulling the plow.

A BEE sting is said to be a sure relief for rheumatism. Those who have tried it say you don't think of the rheumatism for several hours after the application.

FOUR hundred thousand dollars is the reported loss of the suspended First National Bank of Newark, and still the directors profess not to know where the money is.

WHEN reform spelling becomes universal a dime novel hero can write "I kum uv a prowd and hotty race" without giving himself dead away as regards his early education.

"IF I should put on green glasses and view this class, would I not be deceived in their appearance?" "Well—no, I don't think you would."

A BLIND beggar in Paris wears this inscription around his neck: "Don't be ashamed to give only a sou. I can't see."

Rational Treatment, Positive Cures.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, President of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, is in earnest in selling his medicines under positive guarantees, and if anybody who purchases and uses any of these widely celebrated remedies, does not derive benefit therefrom, the Association would like to hear from that person with description of symptoms and history of case. Organized and incorporated, as the Association is, to teach medicine and surgery and for the successful treatment of all chronic diseases and managing annually thousands of cases through our original method of diagnosis without ever seeing the patients, and having the largest sanitarium in the world for the accommodation of the more complicated cases, and also for surgical cases, the Faculty feel themselves prepared to undertake even the most discouraging cases. They resort to all the best remedial means known to modern medical science—neglecting nothing. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., or Great Russell street Buildings, London, Eng.

DR. PAYNE, in his lecture upon the Foe and Grace, says that Dyspepsia is a great Foe to Grace. It darkens the sky and breaks the hopes of many Christians. They think the trouble is in their hearts, when it is in their stomachs. Thus the stomach influences the feelings to such a degree that it should be more carefully looked after and regulated with the never failing Simmons' Liver Regulator, the constant use of which will so improve the feelings as to make the heart happy and spirits light. It is a well-known fact that food, ill digested, but imperfectly nourishes the system, as it is only partially assimilated by the blood. Sufferers with Dyspepsia, whose circulation is impoverished and nerves weakened, experience a rapid and decided improvement in their physical and mental condition by the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator. Try it, and you will be astonished at the good results.

Great Praise.

Albert G. Mann, of Cottage Home, Ill., says: "I have been prostrated for three or more years with Kidney Disease, at times I was not able to put on my boots, my wife has often pulled them on for me. I was not so bad as that all the time, but I never knew what it was to be without pain in my back until I commenced using Hunt's Remedy. Since I commenced taking Hunt's Remedy I have been free from all pain, and take pleasure in saying that it is the best medicine that I ever knew for Kidney and Liver Diseases." Trial size, 75 cents.

SEDIMENT or mucous in the urine is a sure indication of disease. Take Kidney-Wort and be cured before it is too late. Use Kidney-Wort and rejoice in health. One package makes six quarts of medicine, safer, purer, and more effectual than any bitters or pills.—PATRIOT.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

Will send their celebrated Electro Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days's trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay.

VEGETINE

Purifies the Blood, Renovates and Invigorates the whole System.

ITS MEDICINAL PROPERTIES ARE

Alterative, Tonic, Solvent and Diuretic.

Vegetine is made exclusively from the juices of carefully-selected barks, roots and herbs, and so strongly concentrated that it will effectually eradicate from the system every taint of **Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Tumors, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum Syphilitic Diseases, Canker, Faintness at the Stomach,** and all diseases that arise from impure blood. **Sciatica, Inflammatory** and **Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout** and **Spinal Complaints,** can only be effectually cured through the blood.

For **Ulcers** and **Eruptive Diseases** of the **Skin, Pustules, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Tetter, Scaldhead** and **Ringworm,** VEGETINE has never failed to effect a permanent cure.

For Pains in the Back, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Female weakness, Leucorrhœa, arising from internal ulceration, and uterine diseases and General Debility, VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs, allays inflammation cures ulceration and regulates the bowels.

For Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Headache, Piles, Nervousness and General Prostration of the Nervous System, no medicine has ever given such perfect satisfaction as the VEGETINE. It purifies the blood, cleanses all of its organs, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

The remarkable cures effected by Vegetine have induced many physicians and apothecaries whom we know, to prescribe and use it in their own families.

In fact, Vegetine is the best remedy yet discovered for the above diseases, and is the only reliable BLOOD PURIFIER yet placed before the public.

Vegetine.

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

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The Only Remedy

That Acts at the Same Time on

The Liver, The Bowels and The Kidneys.

This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.

Why Are We Sick?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE

Biliousness, Piles, Constipation, Kidney Complaints and Diseases, Weaknesses and Nervous Disorders.

by causing prompt action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why Suffer Bilious pains and aches!
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation!
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys!
Why endure nervous or sick headaches!
Why have sleepless nights!

The KIDNEY WORT *and rejoice in health. It is a dry, vegetable compound and One package will make six qts of Medicine. Get it of your Druggist, he will order it for you. Price, $1.00.*

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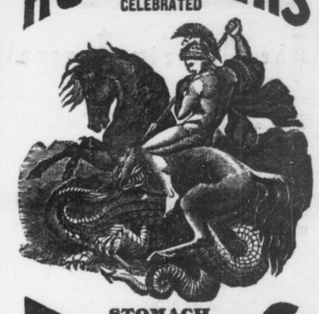

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(A Medicine, not a Drink,)

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AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

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Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. **Take no Other.**

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkeness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

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KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.

are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, works on natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No longer use Alcholic Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use natures remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist, Price, $1. (Will send post paid.) WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'rs, Burlington, Vt.

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The remedial management of those diseases peculiar to women has afforded a large experience at the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, in adapting remedies for their cure. Many thousands of cases have annually been treated. **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is the result of this extended experience, and has become justly celebrated for its many and remarkable cures of all those chronic diseases and

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Favorite Prescription is a powerful Restorative Tonic to the entire system. It is a nervine of unsurpassed efficacy, and while it quiets nervous irritation, it strengthens the enfeebled nervous system, thereby restoring it to healthful vigor. The following diseases are among those in which the Favorite Prescription has worked cures as if by magic, and with a certainty never before attained, viz: **Leucorrhœa; excessive flowing; painful menstruation; unnatural suppressions; weak back; prolapsus, or falling of the uterus; anteversion; retroversion; bearing-down sensation; chronic congestion, inflammation, and ulceration; internal heat; nervous depression; nervous and sick headache; debility; and barrenness, or sterility,** when not caused by stricture of the neck of the womb. When the latter condition exists, we can, by other means, readily remove the **impediment to